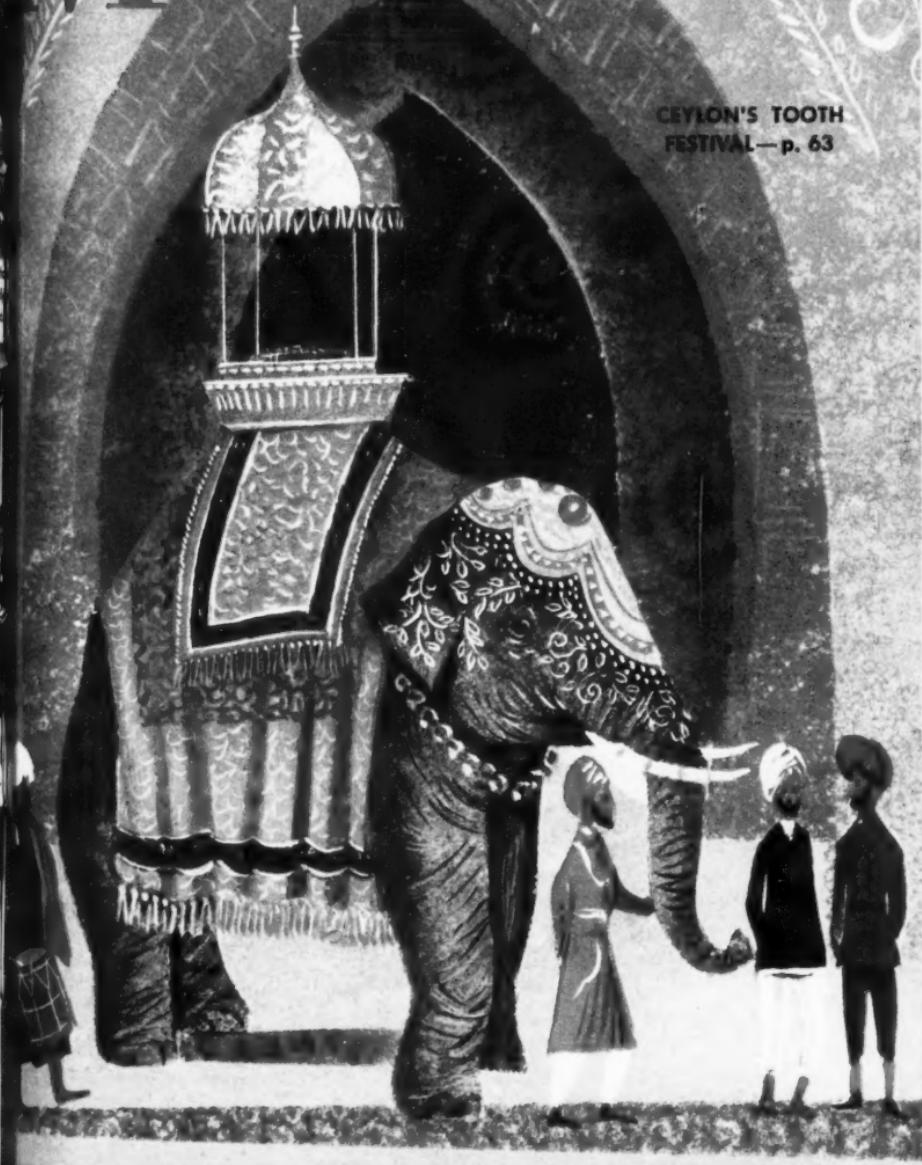


APRIL 1959

Mayknoll

CEYLON'S TOOTH
FESTIVAL—p. 63





ALL MEN. "The love of the Divine Spouse is so vast," our late beloved Pius XII reminded us in one of his many missionary pleas, "that it embraces the whole human race without exception."



Big Man, Big Heart

BY MORGAN J. VITTEGL, M.M.

Forgotten children find a friend who lives on the hill of Chungju.

■ CLOUDS of dust, golden in the late afternoon sunlight, swirl skyward from the mountain road that twists down into the broad plain of Chungju, Korea. The stony path is shabby, contrasted with the lush foliage that blankets the mountain slopes and with the light-green fields of winter wheat in the valley below.

As it approaches the foot of the mountain the narrow road widens into a thoroughfare of oxcarts, bicycles and pedestrians moving to and from the city of Chungju. This old Korean city of 50,000 people is bounded on the north by the Han River; and on the other three sides, by the weatherbeaten, eroded slopes of central Korea's mountain range.

Through the main section of town the road widens, then narrows again, until it skirts a small knoll occupied

by the Catholic mission of Father Wilbur J. Borer, Maryknoll missioner from Brooklyn, New York. The mission, almost completely surrounded by cultivated fields, is built on three separate levels of the hill. The lowest level is occupied by the Sisters' Korean-style stucco convent, and the Japanese-style wooden rectory. On the second level is the church, which has been enlarged several times within the past two years to accommodate an ever-increasing congregation.

On the top of the hill overlooking the entire city is the only Catholic institution of its kind in Korea — a newly constructed school for the training of children handicapped by blindness or deafness. It is the pride and joy of the parish.

Despite the demands of his rapidly growing parish, Father Borer—

a veteran missioner in North Korea before World War II — determined a few years ago to take on the added burden of providing Catholic education for children who by tradition are neglected and often treated as outcasts: the blind, the deaf, the dumb. Coupling his decision with a determination that matches his six foot, work-hardened physique, Father Borer began building with an energy that leaves most younger men worn out in a short time.

The hilltop was leveled and the foundations for the school were staked out. Before long a five-classroom, gray stucco school was constructed.

Having completed the building, Father Borer enlisted the help of the Korean Sisters of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. They administer the school and supervise the slow, difficult process of teaching the handicapped children. Assisting the Sisters, are a group of Catholic lay-women especially trained for the work of instructing children who are deaf and/or dumb or blind. One of the most capable laywomen, the one in charge of teaching the blind children, is blind herself.

Already there are twenty-two deaf children and seven blind children attending the school. The blind children are taught to read Braille, identify objects by touch, and to

move about their home and town with ease and confidence. The deaf and dumb are being trained to communicate in sign language, and in some instances, to actually speak. A

hostel where these blind and deaf children will eventually live, is being built between the rectory and the convent, at the foot of the hill. Here they

will be well cared for by the Sisters and teachers. There will be greater opportunity to train them effectively to live as citizens and Catholics despite their handicaps.

A visit to this mission outpost on the hill of Chungju is a certain remedy for some of the bitterness found in today's world. The happy and contented faces of these former outcasts — as they attend class, eat their meals, and perform chores about the property — gives ample evidence that the mysteries of silence and darkness that once surrounded them are being dispelled. Above all, the surest sight to melt a cynical heart occurs every Sunday morning, when the deaf and dumb children lead their blind companions to Mass.

And for the missioner with the blue eyes and steel-gray hair who made it all possible, the children's happy faces are ample reward.

Father Borer sums up his thoughts in these words: "There is still much to be done in Chungju!" ■■

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.



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Bamboo Wireless

Decree by Guatemala's President MIGUEL FUENTES granting the right to teach religion in government schools for the first time since 1871 regarded as a strong indication of a revival of spiritual values. . . 83% of the country's 3 million population is pure Indian stock and traditionally Catholic. . . but jungle regions are without priests. Two Maryknoll Sisters pioneering a new mission territory in the interior of Guatemala, two day's horseback ride from the village of Jacaltenango.

* * *

From a sleepy Bolivian town, Father CHARLES MCCARTHY of San Francisco, Calif., reports on an Indian father who started a family fan club in honor of St. Francis of Assisi. The devoted papa named his six sons Francis, and his six daughters Frances. . . And in Sandia, Peru, Father THOMAS VERHOEVEN of Monroe, Michigan took annual census; found he is the only priest among 43,736 souls.

* * *

Signs of the times in Latin America. . . a daily paper in the city of Cochabamba, Bolivia, makes strong appeal for priesthood vocations in its editorial column. In Ching Shui, Formosa, Father FRANCIS X. KEELAN of Cambridge, Mass., replied generously to a mission handyman's request for cough medicine by pouring a large spoonful down his throat. Gasped the handyman: "It is very good, Father, but I wanted it for my grandmother. . ."

* * *

Suggest reading during the Lenten season. . . Father CHARLES MAGSAM's latest book The Inner Life of Worship. A Grail publication, critics are acclaiming it as "a new appreciation of man's first duty and vocation, the worship of God." Also high on the academic lists -- the World Horizon Report written by Father WILLIAM COLEMAN, under the title Latin-American Catholicism, a Self-evaluation.

* * *

A 54-year-old China veteran who has earned the nickname of "Iron Man" -- Father JOSEPH REGAN of Fairhaven, Mass., -- is opening up a new mission area in the Province of Davao on the Island of Mindanao, Philippines. . . 3,200 square miles, and 365,000 people. During the first month, he and his assistant, Father JAMES FERRY of New Rochelle, N.Y., baptized 330 people. There are many primitive tribesmen among the Davao Christians. One tribe, called the Mati, doesn't collect holy cards; instead, the adults tattoo their limbs with images of favorite saints.



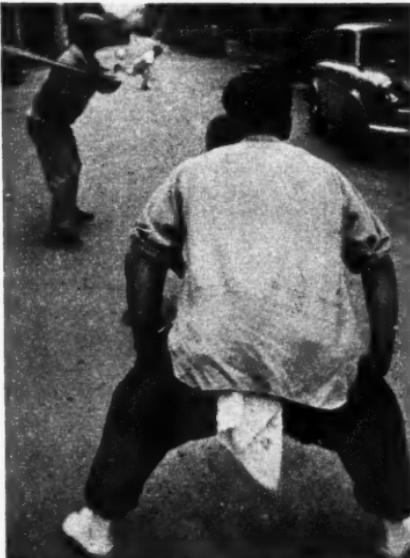
Batter up!" —
or maybe down



Cheer leaders work up enthusiasm for home team with folk dances and songs.

In Japan It's "Yakyu"

■ "PLAY *yakyu!*" is the spring cry in Japan, where baseball is the most popular of all sports. From early spring until winter, vacant lots on the country's four islands are filled with boys and girls, men and women, swinging bats and throwing balls. Youngsters old enough to wear a baseball glove share one cherished hope: to see a Japanese team beat American major-leaguers in a real World Series someday. ■ ■



Wide street makes a good ball field.



Boys try to imitate baseball heroes.



Girls have organized their own teams.

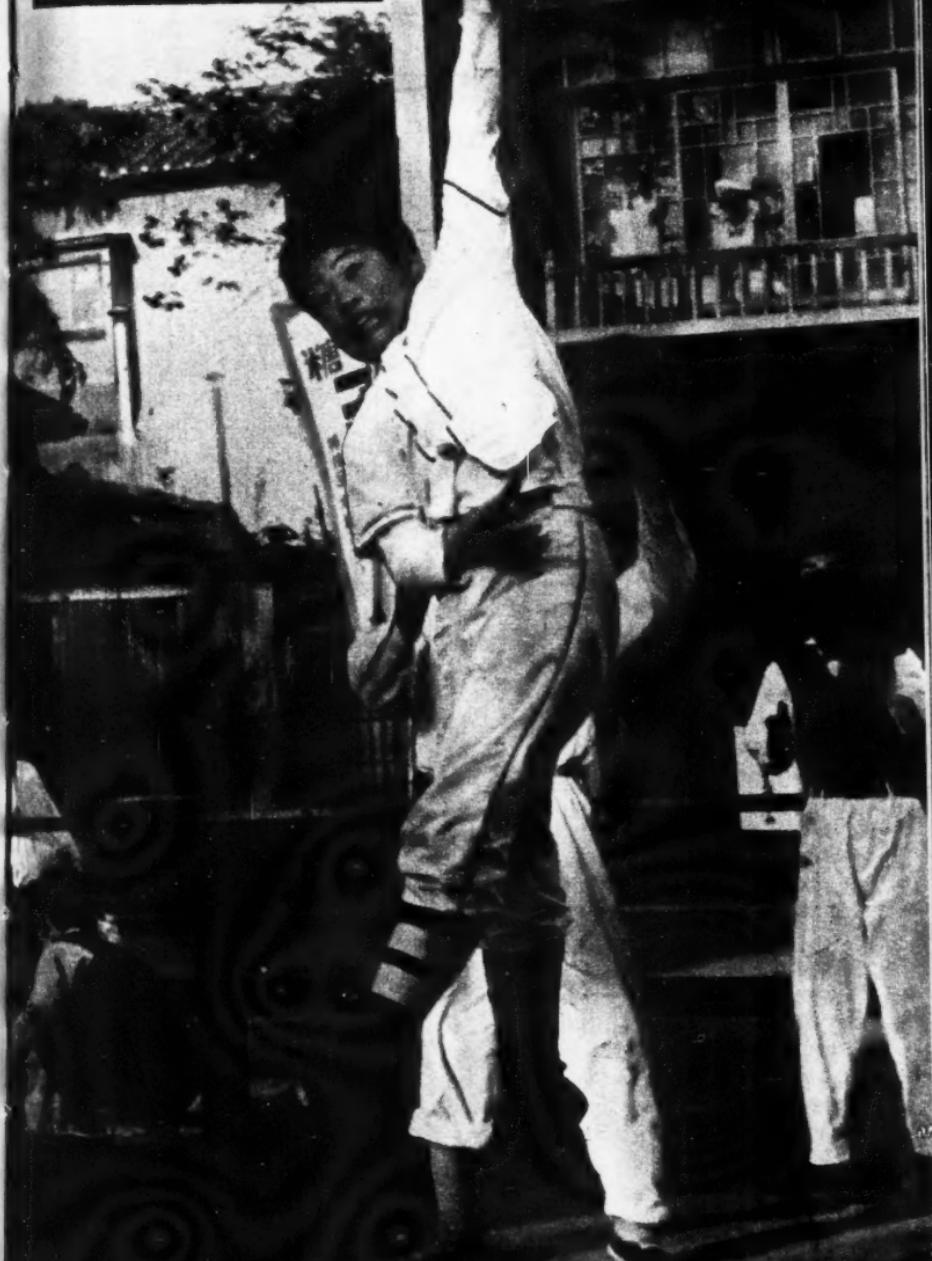


Workers play during their lunch hour.



Factories sponsor departmental games.

His catch saved the game—
as well as a windowpane.



MISSIONER'S WORLD

The missioner keeps before his eyes the vision of all mankind but in particular the peoples of the globe who've yet to hear the Big News.

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

■ POPE JOHN XXIII reminds us: "How beautiful is the Church of Christ, the sheep fold... 'And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.' Here is the missionary problem in all its vastness and beauty."

What does this vastness comprehend? On the ten graphs of these pages, we give you some reminders.

Graph #1 — Mankind by Continents. The world today counts 2,700 million human beings. A quarter of these people live in Europe, if we include in Europe the entire population of Soviet Russia, a nation that cannot conveniently be divided if we wish to get a practical view of things. Asia, then, counts a half of mankind. The remaining quarter of the globe embraces the Americas, Africa, and Oceania. We accept the larger definition of Oceania, which includes Australia and New Zealand, Indonesia and the Philippines.

Graph #2 — Mankind by Races. The largest race of our contemporary world is the yellow race, which embraces most of the population of

Asia and Oceania. The white race represents slightly more than a third of mankind, while the Negro race is slightly less than a tenth.

Graph #3 — Christians Over the Earth. After nineteen and a half centuries, 35% of the human race follow Christ. Within the Christian family, are three major divisions. Catholics count almost one in five of the human race, Protestants one in ten, and Eastern Christians not in union with Rome (who prefer to be called Dissidents) are one in thirteen. A big job in the huge missionary task is to revivify the lax Catholics, as well as to invite back to unity our separated fellow Christians.

Graph #4 — Catholics by Continents. Our 486 million Catholics — both practicing and nominal — crowd Europe and are numerous in the Americas. Unfortunately, there are ominously few in the rapidly advancing continent of Asia. While they are stronger in Africa and Oceania, they still represent but a small minority. Thus after centuries, Christ is given outstanding recognition as God only in the Western world.

Graph #5 — Catholics and Race.

The Souls for Whom Christ Died

MANKIND BY CONTINENTS



Graph #1

MANKIND BY RACES



Graph #2

Those who charge that Catholics count only white people are wrong; almost one in every five Catholics in the world is non-white. However, our record as yet is not a proud one. Of the 1,715 million persons of color in the world, only 92 million — or a little more than five per cent — are Catholics.

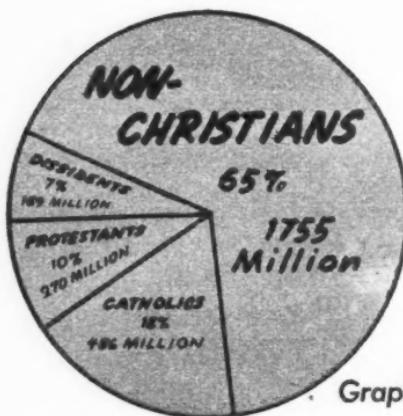
Human Freedom. One of the great concerns of the missioner is the freedom of the peoples of the earth from political bondage, want, religious restrictions, and racial injustice. Today 61% of the peoples of the earth, 1,604 million, possess independence or extensive self-government, while 887 million, 33%, are subjected to Communist dictatorships. Only six per cent, 169

million, remain under colonial rule.

The fight for freedom from want has made gains, as has also freedom from racial injustice. Freedom of religion has lost ground; the missioner, thanks principally to communism, can preach the Gospel to fewer people than 25 years ago.

Graph #6 — Free People in Africa. A very substantial change has taken place in Africa. Before World War II, almost all of the continent was subject to colonial rule. Even today 160 million inhabitants, 73.2% of Africans, are under colonial rule or have obtained only partial self-government. But over a quarter of the population, 26.8%, is independent or possessed of extensive self-government. As yet no country in

Extension of the Church 1958



Graph #3

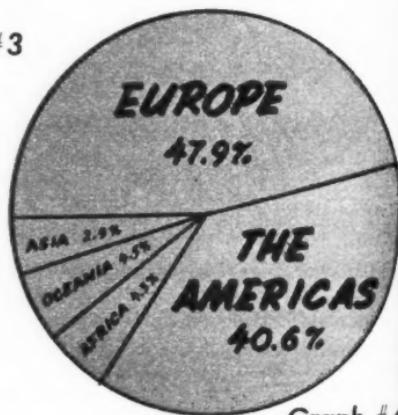
Africa has been conquered by communism.

Graph #7 — Free People in Asia. In Asia, colonialism is reduced to a half of one per cent of the population, five million. On the other hand, communism has captured 592 million, 44.5% of the continent. However, the majority of Asians,

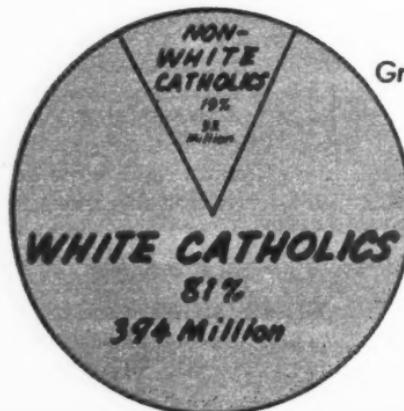
752 million, or 55%, possess independence or self-government.

Graph #8 — Free People in the Americas. The Western Hemisphere has as yet no Communist government and possesses only a third of one per cent, 1.3 million people, under colonial rule.

Graph #9 — Free People in Oceania. Only five million people in Oceania, 2.5%, are under colonial



Graph #4

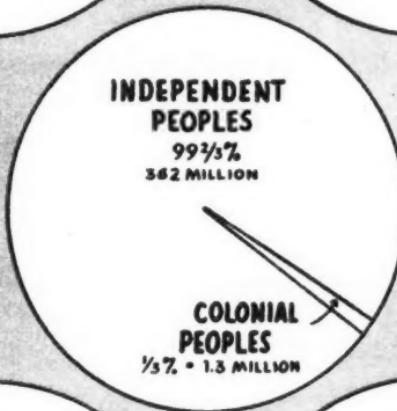
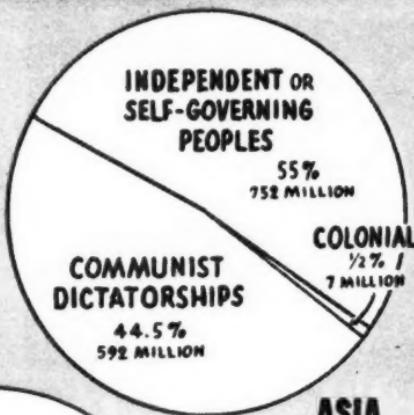
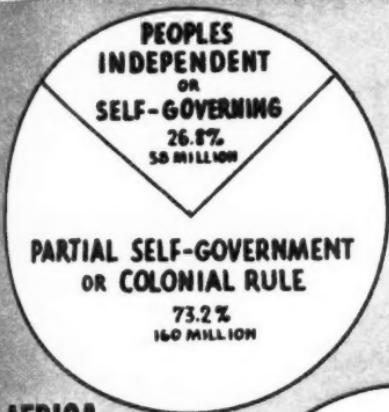


Graph #5

rule. No government there is as yet Communist.

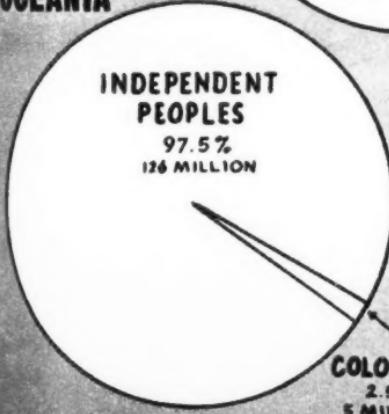
Graph #10 — Free People in Europe. Almost half of Europe, 295 million, or 47%, is under Communist dictatorships. A tiny segment, 400,000 people, represents dependent territory. The balance, 328 million, or 52.9%, is independent. ■■

Freedom among the World's Peoples



#4

OCEANIA





How I Got to Maryknoll

I discovered the challenge
of living a thank offering.

BY RICHARD A. BELL, M.M.

■ IT is over ten years since I made my choice, and yet the whole period of debating the question of what I should do with my life comes back to me as vividly as if it occurred only last week.

I was working in a machine shop. I had just graduated with good grades from a trade school, and the future looked very promising in the world of engineering. I was going to night school studying for a degree in engineering. But I wasn't giving up the practical work because I felt it was too valuable.

Besides I had felt money jingling in my pockets, and that was one big thing I was working hard for. I had my eye on a nice blue motorcycle. Every week a part of my pay check went into the bank to purchase some day that first worldly possession that I could be proud to call my own.

I had big plans. Some day I was going to be an engineer in my own

MARYKNOLL

right, have a workshop of my own, security in life, perhaps a nice home and family. I worked all day in the machine shop. At night I had to study.

At work I met the good and the bad, and they all had their influence on me. I certainly wasn't one that my friends would point at and say, "He's a goody-goody." Nor was I one they would point at and say, "He's a bad one." However, when it came to punishments and fines, I had my share of them.

During one of those long cold winters the thought of giving my life for God first came to me. I was running a machine; the job was monotonous. I began to think about the bright future I was working for. It suddenly occurred to me that my motivation was selfish, and my goal only a passing happiness. I began to wonder if perhaps I might do something to help others, here at home, or even in foreign lands. Yes, and perhaps work on saving my soul.

Up to this time, I had probably never done a thing for anyone without some selfish motive. I had always been on the receiving end. I began to think of all the gifts I had received — my family, my health. Who can think of gifts without ultimately coming to the first and greatest gift-giver, God? Perhaps it was time for me to give back something, for all the things He had given me. What could I give? How should I give it?

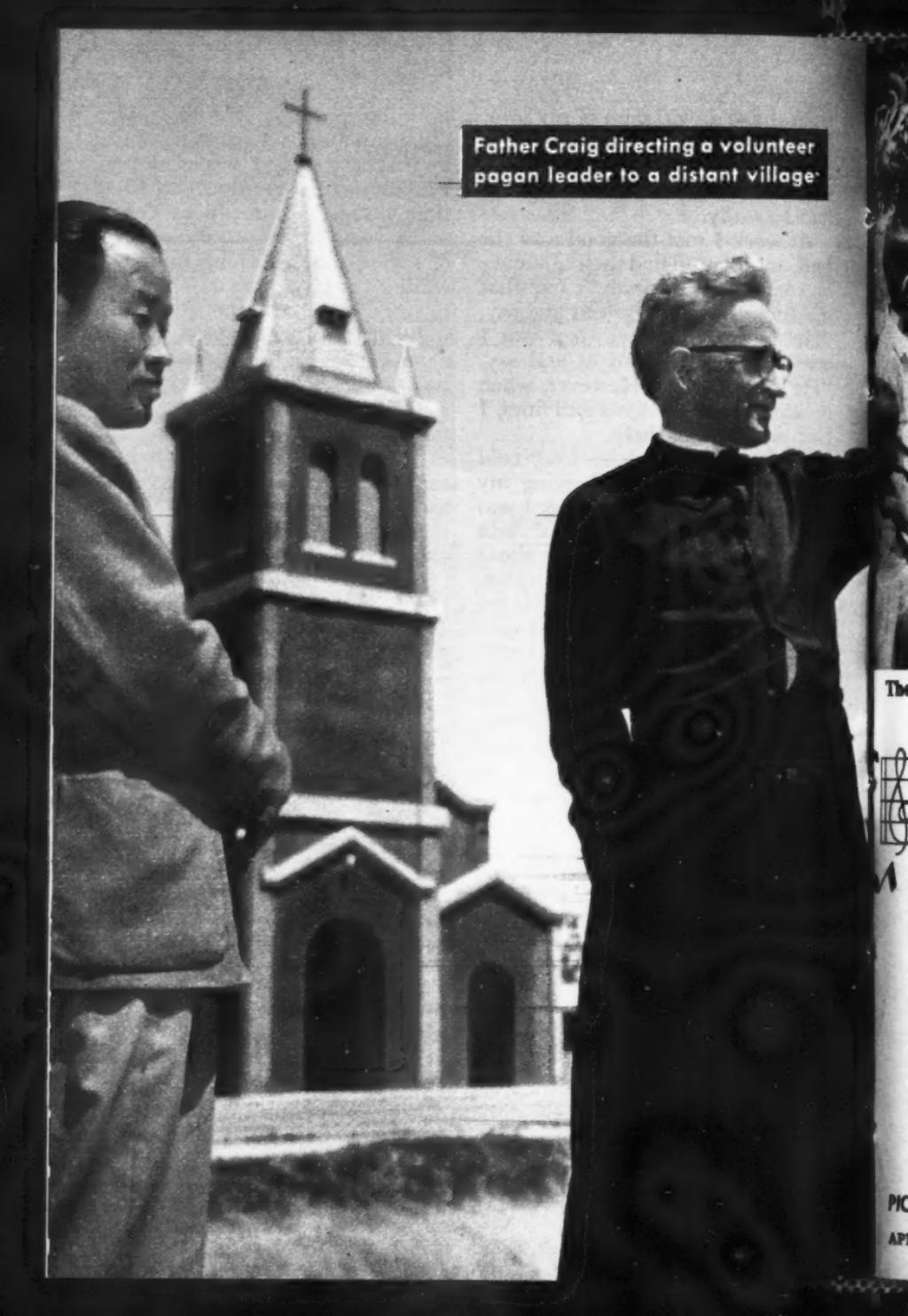
No story of a priestly vocation can be told without some look at the working of grace. In my case, it was obvious. From my earliest boyhood, I had the custom of saying

morning prayers; but as adolescence came along, what then seemed a childish practice was neglected. Prayers were said only when I had time, or needed something. Yet for many years I clung to the practice of saying the "Morning Offering" while on my bus rides to school and to work. When the thought of giving something back to God, and not always being on the receiving end, had come to me, I began to add each morning three Hail Mary's, for guidance. Gradually my attendance at Sunday Mass began to have some meaning. The reception of the sacraments became important. Was our Blessed Mother guiding me by the hand? I think she was.

One Sunday, for no apparent reason, I went to Mass at a church I had never been to before. The church was dedicated to our Blessed Lady, and it happened that the Mass was the first Solemn Mass of a newly ordained priest. It was the sermon that Sunday morning that gave me the answer.

The sermon was on the priesthood of Christ, and I saw the answer to the question: What should I give to God? Why, my own life.

That Sunday morning, I made my decision to be a priest, if God would have me. I wanted to "double" for Christ; what He did, I wanted to do. And Jesus was a missioner. I chose Maryknoll because I wanted to go all the way in imitating Christ. I came to Maryknoll because I wanted to go to foreign lands in Christ's name. I wanted to go forth and feed the hungry, to cure the sick, to open the eyes of pagan blindness.



Father Craig directing a volunteer
pagan leader to a distant village

The

PIC
AP



The "Pied Piper" of Ok Chon spellbinds village children with Bible stories.

All Around the Town

A PHENOMENAL convert movement is sweeping across war-torn Korea, with new parishes springing up everywhere and large numbers of adults studying the doctrine. Veteran missionaries say they have never seen anything like it, and in an attempt to explain it, give many substantial reasons: the backwash of war; a 145 per cent increase in missionary personnel; the influence of American relief agencies; improved mass communications. And yet, basically, the movement in Korea is a story of the missioner with his people — the missioner who is a tireless, zealous, imaginative instrument of God's grace. Such a missioner, and there are many like him, is Father Hugh L. Craig.

PICTURES AND BACKGROUND BY WILLIAM J. RICHARDSON, M.M.

APRIL, 1959



Father Craig plans the next target with two Korean catechists (above) and then (right) sees how the riceplanting is coming along on a nearby farm.



The Minneapolis-born Maryknoller spends fourteen hours of every day with the people of Ok Chon. He is with them in the marketplace, the rice fields, the village playground. Sparked by his enthusiasm, seventy-five of his parishioners are working as catechists. Volunteer pagan leaders, admiring the Gospel message, go out each weekend to nearby villages and teach the meaning of Christian ethics. Thus, with the ground broken, Korean pagans are flocking into Ok Chon, seeking Father Craig for advice, knowledge, sympathy—and ultimately—baptism.

An old man must carry a strong staff.





Whether an elderly woman washing clothes, a farmer leading his ox (above) or a family (below) returning from market — the priest has time for them all.





The
Me



The vivacious lady on the left is a Catholic doctor graduated from Seoul Medical School. She gives much of her free time to Father Craig's clinic.

THE END



I'M A DREAMER

Puno's little red schoolhouse
where Esteban is being tamed.

BY JOHN J. McCORMACK, M.M.

■ BOYS will be boys, even though they happen to be the present standard-bearers of the once-proud Incas. And so the Maryknoll Sisters, teaching the three R's in the Peruvian altiplano, will find themselves no freer from the small annoyances than are their heavily burdened counterparts in the States. Juans and Pedros of Puno, Peru, come tripping in lightly, schoolbags jauntily swinging, fifteen minutes late for the morning session.

They airily parry Sister's reprobating look with the blithe remark that she forgot to adjust her watch by the chimes of the cathedral clock at dawn. Puno is the episcopal see of this teeming department of over 800,000 people. It can boast of a chiming timepiece on the weather-beaten, old facade of its colonial cathedral. A discrepancy of five

or ten minutes either side of nine o'clock, as the gong pierces the rarefied air of 13,000 feet, makes little difference in the life of Puno; people find it simple to gear their ways to the ancient clock.

Some days there is a fiesta in the market place of Bellavista; Jesús and Emigdio will decide to play truants for the afternoon, so that they can go and watch the dancing and gaze with longing eyes at all the colorful wares in the festive booths. Tomorrow they will bring in excuses, identical save for the motives alleged, and hope to fool the sharp-eyed Sister who greets them at the door.

Perhaps one of them, on the way to the market place, runs into Father. Seeing no means of escape, he stammers that mother didn't want him to go to school that after-

noon because father had gone to the fields to see about some sheep. Being man of the house for a few hours has its prerogatives.

The mental processes of our little Quechua and Aymara schoolboys are no less intricate than those of lads at home. Father will surely come up with some printable quotes as he makes his weekly rounds of the religion classes.

For example, I was asking the class for which outstanding quality of Mary made her most suitable to be the Mother of God, hoping for an answer with theological nuances — only to have a practical-minded, dark-skinned little tyke in the front row tell me that Mary had to be a good cook!

Or the answer I received when I inquired among the six-year-olds about the failure of one of the individuals in a parable to profit by the talent received from his master. The little lad couldn't understand why I laughed when he told me that the unfortunate fellow had been asleep under a tree all day, and couldn't very well use his talent!

Of all our youngsters, perhaps Esteban intrigues me most, for I'm a dreamer. I like to dream that someday Esteban will be a well-trained priest in this priest-scarce Puno Diocese. Esteban is a black-eyed, fullblooded, Quechua Indian boy, bright, and just mischievous enough to make a normal seminarian some day. He was brought to school about a year ago by one of the Padres in the Maryknoll parish of San Juan — the parish with the far-flung boundaries.

I recall how surprised I was when

I first met Esteban in the classroom because he understood some English. That was due to previous association with the Fathers. He spoke Quechua, but nary a word of Spanish. That was easily explained, though. In his village a local dialect of Quechua is the only language. I notice, though, that the Sisters are making sure that Steve will not be at a loss in this Spanish-speaking town of Puno.

Early every Saturday morning, Esteban flings his shoes over his shoulder and hikes barefooted into the hills beyond Puno for a visit to his mother, in his native village of Huertas. He spends the week end helping to tend the family sheep as they placidly graze over the barren, rocky soil. That used to be the task of his younger sister, who died last year of tuberculosis. Bright and early Monday morning, though, he'll be on hand when the school doors open, his clothes will be somewhat askew, but his black eyes will be flashing.

And so it goes, day after day, in the life of this, the only Catholic primary school for boys in the entire diocese of Puno. It is a work that had to be undertaken, if a sound basis is ever to be given to the Catholicism of our Indians. The burdens, chiefly financial, are numerous. But we go forward with the words, "Going therefore, teach ye all nations," ringing in our ears. Perhaps God in His goodness is planting even now the seeds of vocations in the minds of some of our little ones such as Esteban. Many a Maryknoller received his vocation in a "little red schoolhouse." ■■

Costumbre Christians of San Juan Ixcoy

Guatemala's Indians often turn to superstitious pagan practices to protect their health and crops despite their belief in God.

BY ALBERT H. ESSELBORN, M.M.

■ THERE is a large, wooden chest here in the Guatemalan church of San Juan Ixcoy, Huehuetenango. It contains all the evidence of a long-ago, flourishing Catholicism. Recently I had the opportunity to examine its contents, under the watchful eyes of Indians whose ancestors carefully guarded the treasure for more than two centuries.

In the chest I found all the articles needed for the celebration of Mass and the administration of the sacraments. They had been left by early Spanish priests. The find included: richly colored Mass vestments, still usable; two silver chalices and a ciborium; a missal dated 1680; and three small, silver vessels for the holy oils.

Also in the chest were four books whose rotting pages revealed the names, in ancient Spanish script, of officers in the *cofradias* that once

existed here. Some pages record the Mass offerings received by early missionaries.

I examined the articles with mixed sentiments of admiration and sadness. My admiration was for the early priests, who had equipped their churches so well when they were struggling to plant the seed of the Faith among these Indians. Sadness came as I pondered the state of decadence of the Faith as it exists today among the Indians of San Juan Ixcoy.

The *municipio* of San Juan Ixcoy consists of the town and about ten villages scattered throughout mountainous terrain at a distance of one to four hours on horseback. In the *municipio* live some 5,500 Indians, practically all of whom are baptized. However, the record shows that only six couples were married in the Church, and a total of 34 have

made their first Holy Communion.

The church stands out as the largest edifice in the town. Its interior has all the appearances of a pagan temple; its floor is of dirt; it has 32 wooden, weather-beaten, broken statues; and it lacks a permanent altar. On certain days, it is filled with Indians burning candles before a large oven located in the middle of the church. From there, they go to pray before the statues of the saints.

The Indians pray intently in their native tongue, begging forgiveness of their sins through the medium of the many candles they burn. On certain feast days, Indian prayer-leaders enter the church early in the morning and sing, more or less, the Divine Office. They have breviaries left by the early missionaries; one book bears the date 1702.

When and how these men learned to recite the Office is something of a mystery. No priests have been stationed here for the last century, as far as can be determined. Yet local Indians have maintained many external Catholic practices, handing them down from one generation to another for many years.

All these religious observances of the Indians are called by the general name, *costumbre*. To them, *costumbre* and the Catholic religion are the same.

Recently I tried to determine the beliefs of these *costumbre* Catholics. With the help of a catechist, Mateo

Manuel, who acted as interpreter, some 40 questions were asked of sixteen Indian leaders. These interviews lasted about two hours or longer, and reflected the religious ideas of these Indians.

All believe in God and pray to Him, but they do not know who He is. When asked about heaven, half replied,

"It's where God is." The others didn't claim to know. Hell is under the earth, said some, or the place of the devil, said others; many didn't know.

All believe that God punishes sin. All believe it is sinful to rob, steal, murder, lie, have more than one spouse, fail to support one's family or aged parents. Not to pray is a sin. To get drunk is a sin, because it is a foolish waste of money. However, if one gets drunk on liquor given as a gift, this is not sinful; thanks should be paid to the saints for the gift.

Who are the saints? Many Indians could not say; a few believe they were sent by God to help us. Do the saints have equal power with God? Many didn't know; a few said, "Yes;" others said, "No." They pray to the saints because they believe that the saints speak to God on their behalf.

Some said candles are gifts to God or the saints; others believe they are food for the saints. Practically all believe that candles are a means of asking pardon for sins



The man in the moon is counting 1,100 Maryknoll mission stations on four continents.

and of seeking favors in this life.

Where does the soul go after death? Nearly all answered, "To God." One said that it stays at the cemetery; another, that it ceases to exist.

All believe that there are certain good days to pray for various favors, such as health, a rich crop, money. They believe that there are certain men, called *sajorines*, who have power from God to foretell the future. Many didn't know what baptism is; some said that it helps a person to be good, healthy, intelligent, or gives one a name.

We cannot help speculating as to what might be the spiritual development of these *costumbre* Indians today, had the early missionaries been left to continue their work. An intense missionary activity, started perhaps some two centuries ago, was interrupted by a movement for national independence, which culminated in persecution of religion and expulsion of the missionaries.

Had there existed a strong native clergy among the Indians, the initial missionary endeavor would probably have continued, culminating in their complete conversion to Christianity. Today these people of San Juan are "half-converts," observing some Christian practices along with superstitious pagan practices that can be traced back to the Indian religion of pre-conquest years.

Yet, in spite of the hodgepodge beliefs — a mixture of Christian and pagan — there is reason to marvel at how much the Indians have retained of the Christian religion. Handed down from gen-

eration to generation, their practice of singing the Office, their strong attachment to baptism, and their apparent devotion to the saints, are noteworthy today. It may be a miracle of God's grace that they have retained these Catholic practices, considering that they have been without priests for more than a century.

The process of reconverting these *costumbre* Indians is a long and difficult one. They accept the priest with reservations. They bring their children for baptism, but persistently refuse to study doctrine or receive the sacraments.

One wonders if the work of missionaries in pagan lands is not easier. There, at least, the difference between Christianity and paganism is clearcut. Here, among the *costumbre* Indians of San Juan, no clear distinction exists between the two. When we urge them to live like practical Catholics, it is almost like asking them to give up their own "Catholic" religion.

One cannot help recalling Christ's parable about the man who had the devil cast out of him. Later, more devils returned to possess the man, making his last state worse than the first. One wonders if the present state of these half-Christian Guatemalans is worse than their former paganism.

But perhaps it is not. For in many other parishes here, former *costumbre* Indians have put aside their superstitions. When will the grace of full conversion come to these Indians of San Juan Ixcoy? Only God knows. They need the prayers of all of us. ■ ■



After their studies, catechists become invaluable aides in parish work.

School for Mountain Teachers

A new project uses old methods
to meet the needs of the times.

BY RICHARD M. QUINN, M.M.

■ CHAPTER VI of the Acts of the Apostles tells us that the Apostles decided there was too much work for the number of priests available. They ordained deacons to aid them in the lesser works of the Church. This left the Apostles less hampered

for the priestly works of their ministry that only they could perform.

In Peru today, the Church is facing a similar situation. The diocese of Puno has one priest in parish work for an average of 35,000 Catholics. In this diocese there are parishes of 30,000 or 40,000 people that have been left abandoned for many years because of the lack of priests to staff them.

Since the Church has not yet judged it opportune to use "lay deacons," we are doing the next best thing here. Some 600 lay catechists

are now operating in this diocese under the direction of Maryknoll Fathers.

These men do not baptize, except in cases of emergency. Nor do they distribute the Eucharist or handle the administration of the Church's worldly goods, as did Saint Stephen and the other early deacons. But these catechists do a lot of the work that would use up priests' time and make it impossible for them to reach great numbers of people at regular intervals.

Since the catechists' mother-tongue is usually the local language, they are invaluable for giving religious instruction in preparation for First Communion, marriage, and confirmation. They go to the remotest parts of widespread parishes, which sometimes measure twenty by thirty miles, to teach prayers and catechism.

These catechists are trusted representatives of priests, to whom they send timely warning of people dying and in need of the sacraments. And, like the deacons of old, they even take care of the distribution of food in the parish. This is no small task, since the area has been hard hit by drought during the last two years.

In order that these catechists may be relied upon for orthodoxy and teaching ability, a school for them has been opened by Maryknollers in the city of Puno. Father Vincent

A. Cunningham, of Scranton, Pa., who is well versed in Spanish and Quechua after ten years in Peru, serves as director.

Each month about twenty-five promising young men are sent to Puno from the surrounding mountain parishes. There they receive a series of religious instructions that include a complete course in catechism, prayers and hymns in Spanish as well as in their native language, the life of Christ as contained in the New Testament, the teaching of catechism, the meaning of the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the right way to assist at it.

The trainees are even given a course in how to teach reading and writing — to assist them in spreading religious instruction. Two Maryknoll priests, two Peruvian Sisters, and one of the local school-teachers, comprise the teaching staff, under Father Cunningham's supervision. This may seem like a large number of teachers for such a project, but the returns far outweigh the outlay.

This project fits in with the Peruvian Government's plans for rural education, so we invited the public authorities to use the opportunity for furthering such education in the provinces. The good will and cooperation of officials show that they appreciate our program for religious education among the people of this area. ■■



Americans are needed overseas as priests, Brothers, Sisters. How about you?

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Father Joseph R. Lang, of Lake Worth, Fla., teaches a future teacher.

CASE HISTORY: M-2

The Invalid Daughter



For Invalid Daughter

Mrs. B. Said . . .

Mrs. B. was a widow with two daughters. One daughter was happily married; the other was an invalid. Mrs. B. died without having made a will. Then the daughters shared equally in the estate, despite



For Invalid Daughter

Instead . . . !

the fact that their mother had often said she intended to leave the bulk of her estate to her invalid daughter so that the latter would always have nursing care.

Only YOU Can Make YOUR Will

Only you can divide your property fairly. Only you can see that all needs are met. Stop for a moment and ask yourself what would happen if you should die intestate. Would the division by law be exactly what you desire? Carelessness, delay, a feeling that wills are for the wealthy, or lack of thought about what happens when one dies intestate have caused more misery than is realized.

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THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

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The Singer

BY EDWARD A. McGURKIN, M.M.

HAPPY days are here again in Badi. This tiny chiefdom lies on the edge of Massawa, Africa, on the road from Sayusayu to Shinyanga, full of interesting folk all close to the heart of the Lord.

For years, Padris taught catechism in the school there; but till now, no catechist had been willing to leave his happy home in the more-Catholic area around Sayusayu, to spread the faith in Badi. A new day dawned recently, when Faustini agreed to be uprooted from lovely Busamuda and transplanted in Badi.

Faustini is famous for his singing. This does not mean that his singing is good. He has been accused, unjustly of course, of thinking that he has a voice like Rosemary Clooney. Both parts of the proposition are untrue; first of all, he does not think he has a voice like Rosemary's; secondly, he hasn't. But it is a serviceable voice, and quite accept-



able so long as he stays in the lower register and admits his limitations. The trouble starts when he goes high. Some Padris have been observed, while executing the Preface and *Pater Noster* at high Mass, trying to reach the high notes by rising gently on their toes. Faustini's system is to put

on more steam; when he has to go higher, he sings louder. If he closes his eyes when he sings, it is probably because he cannot stand the sight of people in pain.

But Faustini has a beautiful soul and a truly apostolic heart. With such instruments, does God often perform His greatest works. How often it happens that miracle-working statues and paintings are of the unartistic sort, humble and crude; while finely chiseled statues and exquisite paintings have their lofty perches in galleries, where they do nothing to extend the kingdom of God.



From Tax Collector to **APOSTLE**

ST. MATTHEW, called by Christ, left his tax collector's office to become one of the Twelve Apostles. His missionary journeys took him to Ethiopia, where he preached the Gospel until his martyrdom for the Faith around the year 70.



From Air Force Pilot to Maryknoll

Missioner FATHER DAN DOLAN, of California, was a Navy fighter pilot in the Pacific in World War II. Today, Father Dolan is in God's missionary service as a Maryknoller on Formosa, teaching the Gospel to the Chinese.

Our Lord needs more St. Matthews and more Father Dolans.
How about YOU?

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York.

4-9

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City.....

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Age..... School..... Grade.....

Home Town

BY HENRY J. MADIGAN, M.M.



■ THREE YEARS ago I rode down Main Street of Miaoli, on the island of Formosa, for the first time. All was new to me. I knew not one of the thousands who thronged the streets. My neighbors, my friends, my parishioners, were all on the mainland of China.

A few days ago, I rode down Main Street again. The sergeant behind his desk at the police station smiled; the postmaster waved from his place under the clock; the fireman, tired of acknowledging countless daily salutes, just grinned. I felt at home.

In the barbershop I once commented on a Japanese song coming from the explosive phonograph. Two white-coated barbers stopped their work and brought the platter to my chair. They translated the title, explained the song, then replaced the record on the turntable; and as it played, every barber in the shop accompanied the song. After that, as soon as I walked in for a haircut, someone would stop the machine and put on my song. I felt at home.

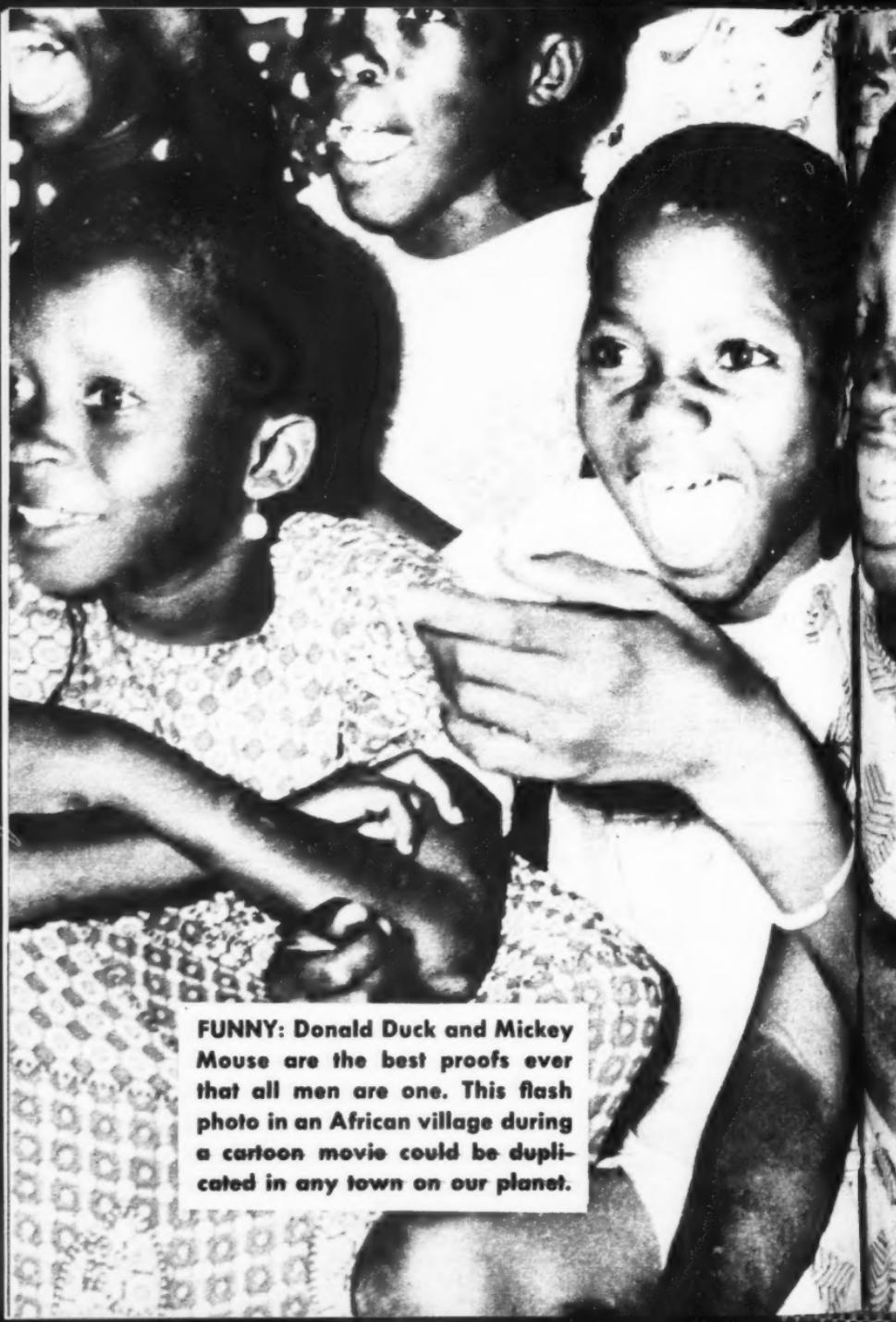
Miaoli is a small town — but even Taipei, Tokyo or Tallahassee doesn't have "Buttons & Bows" every day at the bus station; "Jingle Bells" as a train pulls out; "Auld Lang Syne" when the passengers disembark. We do in Miaoli.

The traffic cop with all the polish of a marine and the stance and agility of a bullfighter, waves my creaking bike on with as much attention as he gives the mandarin's new Chevrolet. All those things helped. But the town really became mine the day I asked too many questions.

The stationmaster was up to here in schedules and queries and tickets. His back was towards me, as I asked what time the 9:30 was due. (Sometimes it is late.) He answered softly and politely. I suppose he said, "Naturally, 9:30." I didn't hear him so I asked again. Without pausing or turning he shouted: "9:30 I said. You mountaineer!"

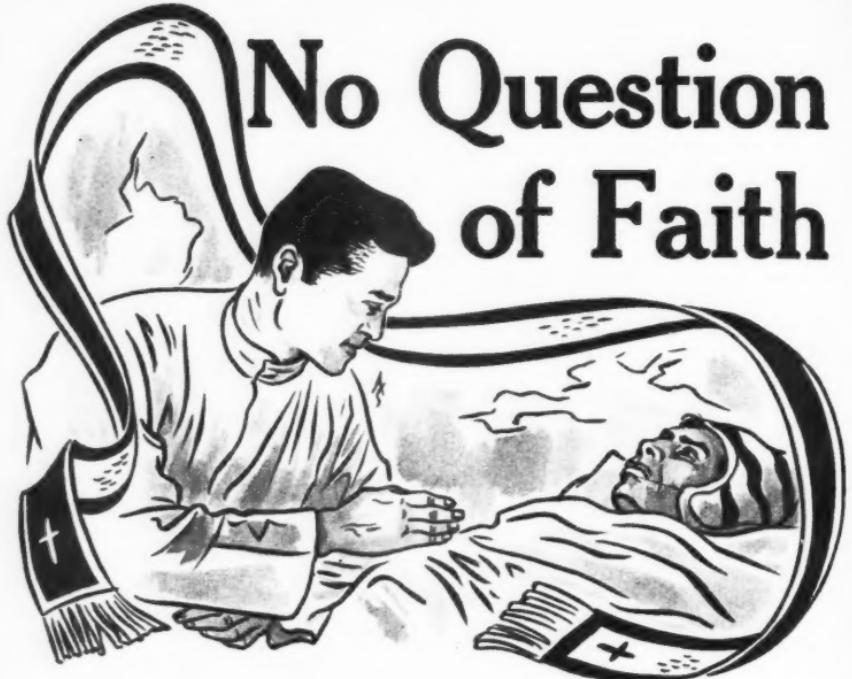
I didn't really belong until I'd been told off. Miaoli is really my home town now.

■ ■



FUNNY: Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse are the best proofs ever that all men are one. This flash photo in an African village during a cartoon movie could be duplicated in any town on our planet.





BY ROBERT E. KEARNS, M.M.

Misery fights a losing battle with these mountain people.

■ "MY BROTHER can't die," was his simple statement of fact. I tried not to look surprised.

"What seems to be the problem?"

"My brother has been sick in bed for the past eight months. We want God to help us. If you come and anoint him, God will either cure him or take him away to happiness in heaven," was the reply.

I visited the man who was sick. God smiled on him. In a short time he was up and working again.

We learned a long time ago never

to be amazed at the requests of our people in Saint James parish in Huancane, Peru.

What would you think if somebody came to you and said, "Father, I would like a Lightning Mass"?

"Why?" I asked him.

"When the storms come, lightning kills our sheep and cattle in the open fields, and sometimes destroys our homes. Perhaps if we have a Mass celebrated in His honor, God will be kind to us and keep the lightning from harming us."

MARYKNOLL

A favorite devotion of these people is a Mass in honor of Christ, the Just Judge. Usually the petitioners are people who have been robbed or injured in some way. Christ, the Just Judge, is being invoked to call down His wrath on the wrong-doer.

A woman brought her child into the office one day. "Father, my baby just died. Could you please baptize it?" Recalling the Church's teaching, I gave the sacrament.

"Where are you from?" I asked her husband, who accompanied her.

"We're from Moho, Father. Our baby is only five days old. It became sick last night. We came here as rapidly as possible but the baby died as we entered town."

Moho is more than 40 miles from the church. "I have not found such great faith in Israel," echoes down through the centuries.

How strange are some of our experiences! Father Jim was visiting the sick. After climbing many hills and crossing many fields he sat down to rest. Almost immediately an Indian approached. "Father, there is a sick man in my house."

"Where do you live?" asked Father Jim.

"Across the field," he said, pointing vaguely.

Off they went. Almost an hour later the two of them reached an adobe hut. It had a thatch roof, low door and no windows.

"There's nobody here!" exclaimed Father Jim, upon entering. "Whose house is this?"

"My house, Father," replied the guide. "I'm the sick man. Please pray over me." ■■

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The Maryknoll Fathers

Maryknoll, New York

Pius XII and Human Need

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

■ THE meek and humble Pius XII became almost explosive when people tried to tell him that Catholics should stick to their prayers and let secular agencies take care of human need.

"To wish to draw an exact line of separation between religion and life," he protested in 1955, "between the natural and the supernatural, between the Church and the world, as if they had nothing to do with each other, as if the rights of God were valueless in all the manifold realities of human life, whether human or social, is entirely foreign to Catholic thought and is positively anti-Christian. . . .

"They are simply unwitting deserters and dupes who, in deference to a misguided supernaturalism, would confine the Church to the 'strictly religious' field, as they say, whereas by so doing they are but playing into the hands of their enemies."

During the almost score of years of Pius XII's pontificate, new goals gained the day among peoples everywhere:

1. The right of the individual to an education has become recognized in nearly every country of the free world. Unfortunately, the right

is not a reality everywhere, as yet.

2. In the field of health, the right of every individual to medical care, as a public service, is now recognized as clearly as is the right to schooling.

3. In the field of labor, on every continent workers are supported in the basic rights they seek: (a) the right to organize and bargain collectively; (b) the right to a minimum wage according to local living standards; (c) the right to a weekly rest and proper leisure time; (d) protection against accidents and occupational diseases.

4. As to the problem of poverty, the poor are no longer conceived of as a special class condemned to be forever wretched. Rather, they are seen as victims of misfortune that societies and governments must make herculean efforts to remedy. For great parts of Asia this is revolutionary indeed.

What has Pius XII said about all of this? He has spoken out magnificently.

"Only on the principles of Christianity and in accordance with its spirit," he once declared, "can social reforms, called for imperatively by the necessities and aspirations of our times, be carried out."

"They demand from some the spirit of renunciation and sacrifice, from others, the sense of responsibility and endurance; from everybody, hard and strenuous work."

Notable was Pope Pius' plea that Catholics join hands with all men of good will in achieving these world goals.

"We turn to the Catholics of the whole world," he said in 1948, "exhorting them not to be satisfied with good intentions and fine projects, but to proceed courageously to put them into practice.

"Neither should they hesitate to join forces with those who, remaining outside the ranks, are nonetheless in agreement with the social teaching of the Catholic Church and are disposed to follow the road which she has marked out, which is not the road of violent revolution but of an experience that has stood the test."

Always Pope Pius XII was ready with a supporting hand. When missionaries gathered in the Congo under the social-action slogan, "Put the Gospel into life," Pius XII spoke out enthusiastically for the movement. When Monsignor Salcedo built radio schools in the mountains of Colombia to abolish illiteracy, Pius XII beamed a special radio address of congratulation to all, high and low, who promoted the program. When Catholic laymen from everywhere met in Manila, and a quarter of a million Filipinos vowed to make their land a worthy Christian supporter of the needs of Asia, Pius XII directed to them an exhortation to be strong. ■■■

Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

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—Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday Address to American Catholics



"Pressed down and flowing over" is this gift from grateful Mrs. Yokoi.

Mrs Yokoi Breaks the Sound Barrier

**Leave it to a mother
to invent a happy ending.**

BY SISTER M. THECLA

■ POVERTY meant nothing to Mrs. Yokoi so long as she had her husband, her children, and her hearing.

But when she lost her hearing—suddenly the whole world crumbled.

How it happened is a bit mysterious. Several years ago, she had intestinal tuberculosis. We arranged to have her sent to a hospital. All we know for certain is that, after a few months, she returned home, cured of the tuberculosis but deaf.

"I'd rather have the tuberculosis!" she said.

She had been studying the Faith, but she gave up the idea completely. A hearing aid was out of the question; she and the children were working tooth-and-nail just for enough to eat. She made artificial flowers from colored nylon bits; the children in their every spare moment pasted cellophane bags for stockings. For a thousand bags neatly pasted and folded, they got 36¢.

"Hearing aid? Don't make me laugh!" shouted Mrs. Yokoi when we wrote out the suggestion.

Things went from bad to worse. Her four-year-old cried when he couldn't make her understand him. The husband tried hard but it got depressing. The oldest son, a high-school lad, began to drift. She felt her close-knit family gradually falling apart, and she wept often. That only made it gloomier in the house.

But Sister Pastores came up with a bright idea.

"You know, I teach catechism in a hospital," she told me. "Mr. Matsumi there is clever at making radios with practically nothing at all. He does a thriving business among the poor patients, who can't afford nice-looking radios. Suppose we get the parts, and ask him to make up a microphone and a set of earphones for her?"

We explained it all to Mrs. Yokoi through an elaborate sign language we had picked up.

"No use!" she shouted. "I can't afford the parts."

Self-respect is a large factor in the Yokoi house. So we didn't offer to buy it for her.

"We will lend you the machine."

So it was settled. Mr. Imamura, her neighbor, is an electrician. He picked up the parts for three dollars. Mr. Matsumi at the hospital put them together. In four weeks, it was ready.

That was a year ago. Every Tuesday at three o'clock, Mrs. Yokoi and I shout the catechism to each other behind closed doors. She will be baptized at Easter — she and her two daughters.

Now that the sound barrier has been broken, the Yokois are all settling down to a happy existence. We had planned that we would give the set as a baptismal present. But Mrs. Yokoi forestalled us the other day. Heaven knows how she did it; she scraped together enough money to make a down payment on a hearing aid. (Yes, we have installment plans here in Japan, too!)

Seeing our astonishment, she explained: "Well, I couldn't take the radio into church, and I just had to hear the priest ask me, 'Do you renounce Satan?' With all my heart I want to shout, 'I do renounce him!'"

So now we have a neat contraption ready for our next deafened catechumen.

"Faith comes by hearing," Saint Paul reflected in one of his epistles centuries ago. It comes that way not only to Mrs. Yokoi, but to everyone.

In Japan, through catechetical work, home visiting, the Legion of Mary, and other activities, the Maryknoll Sisters are able to speak of God to many who never would have heard the truths of our Faith otherwise.

■ ■

No Human Need



goes without help from our Praying Arm.

Every soul reached by Maryknoll has had a place in the apostolate of the Cloister. The main task of this unit of Maryknoll Sisters is to uphold others in the battle for souls.

Thanks to many of our friends, a permanent, fireproof Cloister is under construction, but funds are needed to continue the work. Will YOU help?

Build with them, for the investment in heaven that will be yours. Helping these cloistered missionaries, who cooperate with apostles throughout the world, you share in the divine work of serving souls.

THE CLOISTERED MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

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The Tattooed Catholics

BY JOSEPH W. REGAN, M.M.

RECENTLY I visited the municipality of Mati, on the gulf of Davao. Mati will soon be one of the new Maryknoll parishes in the Philippine Islands. I was surprised to find a large group of about 2,000 Catholics who are extremely good in the practice of their religion. They are easily distinguished from other Catholics in the area by the fact that their bodies are covered with religious tattoos.

I have seen many tattoos in the United States, mostly on men who were formerly in the Navy. The Mati tattoos are very different.

A Mati man may have Saint James, riding a horse, on his chest; Saint Michael on his right arm; Saint Isidore on his left arm; not to mention minor saints on his back and legs. Many Latin words are interwoven among the pictures. The women seem to run more to crosses, rosaries, and medals.

Tattooing seems to me a delightful solution for the scapular in this hot climate, where one perspires so much. When you wear a medal, the chain often irritates you; and a cloth scapular soon wears out. When you get one tattooed on your chest and back, you have no more problems.

The system also saves carrying a picture of a saint around in your prayer book or wallet. If you feel like saying a quick prayer to your

favorite saint, just roll up your sleeve or open your shirt and you see his image looking at you!

This particular devotion of religious tattoos was begun by a devout farmer in Mati. He started it in his own family, but the movement quickly spread to other families in the village, and then to other villages.

It is not easy to be enrolled as a tattooed Catholic, because the rules are very strict. Members cannot smoke, or drink intoxicating liquors, or dance, or gamble, or go to cock fights. They must keep the Ten Commandments. Also, they must attend Sunday Mass, go to confession and Holy Communion frequently, and give something to the support of the parish priest.

Those belonging to the movement say that they want to be as good Catholics as the patrons pictured on their bodies. And missionaries say that they really are good Catholics.

When the movement first started, the Government was a little suspicious and sent agents down to investigate. However, the agents found nothing wrong. On the contrary, they found much to admire.

Some missionaries in other parts of the Philippines are looking into the movement. They think it might be promoted as a new form of Catholic Action in the islands. ■ ■



Serfs of the Soil

Human life means little when people are slaves to animals.

BY JOSEPH R. LANG, M.M.

■ FLORENTINO, one of my catechists from Kenapaja, Peru, showed up unexpectedly at the rectory one day. He told me that there was a sick call in his small pueblo.

Heavy rains had done a great deal of damage to the one and only dirt road leading to his village. However, I knew that, if the sick person were not reached during the current day, there probably would be no tomorrow for getting to him. So I started out in the mission truck.

We finally came to a halt at an impassable spot on the road. But fortunately the adobe hut we sought was not very far away. The sick man needed spiritual as well as medical care. I gave him the last Sacraments and the blessing for the dying.

Then I tried to persuade his family to remove him to the small town of Ilave, where a doctor would take care of his physical needs. But the Aymaran people of this area are reluctant to take their loved ones

to a doctor. They usually say that they are poor and a doctor would charge them a great deal of money.

The next step, of course, is to tell them that, if they do not have enough money on hand, they can sell a pig or a couple of chickens to meet the expenses of the doctor. However, they are more or less slaves to their animals. They seem to think that a pig, cow, or chicken is more valuable to them than a human life; so the last thought in their minds would be to sell one of their precious animals.

As a result of the relatives' stubbornness, a sick person usually dies after a short while, even if his sickness started as a minor ailment. After a death, the Aymaras think nothing of spending nine or ten dollars to buy alcohol for a fiesta at the funeral.

This seems pagan to us, and certainly it is; but old customs do not change overnight. The Indians' regard for human life does not seem to be the same as ours. They experience sorrow at the death of a loved one, but their cultural back-

ground does not prompt them to do everything in their power to prevent a sick brother or sister from dying.

Their way of life has taught the Aymaras not to value human life highly. As a result, death means very little to them. All of this stems from their frugal way of living. They are serfs of the soil, and will continue to be so until they are taught to be serfs of God.

As I was leaving the adobe hut where I had the sick call in Florentino's village, a strange thing happened. One of the women told me that there was another sick call in a house not far away. I went with her to that house.

When we reached the door, she quickly entered before me and threw a woven blanket over herself. It turned out that she was the sick person! Although she was not very sick, I heard her confession and gave her a blessing.

Mixed up though the Aymaran Indians are, there is a sense of faith in this mountain country. It is worth building on. ■■

INDY ANN'S STRANGE FRUIT TREE





Gratitude

A small boy finds an unexpected market for his slightly used car.

BY THOMAS P. McGOVERN, M.M.

■ THE BOY sat in the mission yard staring at the orange tree, and trundling his European motor car around and around in circles on the hot sandy ground.

He was a small boy of five, barefooted, wearing only a khaki shirt that came way down, modestly, over his buttocks. His nose had been

broken and his legs were muscular. At a quick glance he might have passed for a tough young jockey.

As soon as he heard the screen door slam he rose and dragged his car to the orange tree and waited in the green shade for the priest.

They greeted each other pleasantly. The priest could see that behind the bland face of the boy the thought of oranges was uppermost.

They sparred a bit, inquiring about each other's health and happiness. And then, apropos of almost nothing, the boy said, "Tata, why are you so fat?"

"Because, friend," the priest answered, "I eat a great amount of food, in large abundance, very often."

"Oh, I see," the boy said and thought that over. His European motor car was a giant-sized wooden

spool which he had found in the trash barrel outside the Indian tailor shop in Musoma. He had attached it with bent nails to a stick. It gave him great satisfaction.

"Perhaps, then, one day I too shall be fat like you?"

"I don't know," the priest said tapping his breviary thoughtfully against his chin. "It's not easy. You have to work for it."

"I see," the boy said, but he looked doubtful so the priest said, "What's the trouble?"

"My grandfather."

The priest went blank on that until he remembered that the boy's father was dead.

"You mean Ndege, Kibaji's son?"

"That one," the boy answered.

"An affable man," the priest said.

"Ah," the boy said crossly. He gave the motor car a fierce turn.

"Does he beat you?"

"No, he is an affable man."

"Then I suppose he starves you."

"No. He gives me food. But not in large abundance. And not very often. I shall never grow fat under that miser's roof!"

The priest said nothing but shook his head sadly and sighed audibly. He looked at the boy, then opened his breviary carefully.

"Tell me, friend, does he who performs his duty deserve to eat?"

"Yes, *Tata*, that is so."

"And he who neglects his duty — what of him?"

"Well, there are times . . ."

The priest pointed his breviary toward the gate and said, "Go now, little one, and let me pray God's love into your ungrateful heart."

The boy blinked his eyes, turned

and went out the gate dragging the European motor car behind him.

But the next morning when the priest had finished Mass and was leaving the church he saw the boy and his grandfather waiting. The old African held the boy's hand while the boy held his motor car.

"These new things are not for me," the old man said, winking craftily.

"Truly," the priest answered, not fully understanding. "Old things are often the best."

"Some new things are good. Motor cars are good."

"Yes," the priest said. "I have often admired them."

The old man spat brown juice through a gap in his front teeth.

"The boy wants to give me his motor car. He says he owes it to me for giving him a roof and clothing and food. But what do I want with a motor car? At my age!"

"You have little use for a car?"

"At my age."

"Still, gratitude is a lovely thing, is it not?"

"There is nothing lovelier," the old man said.

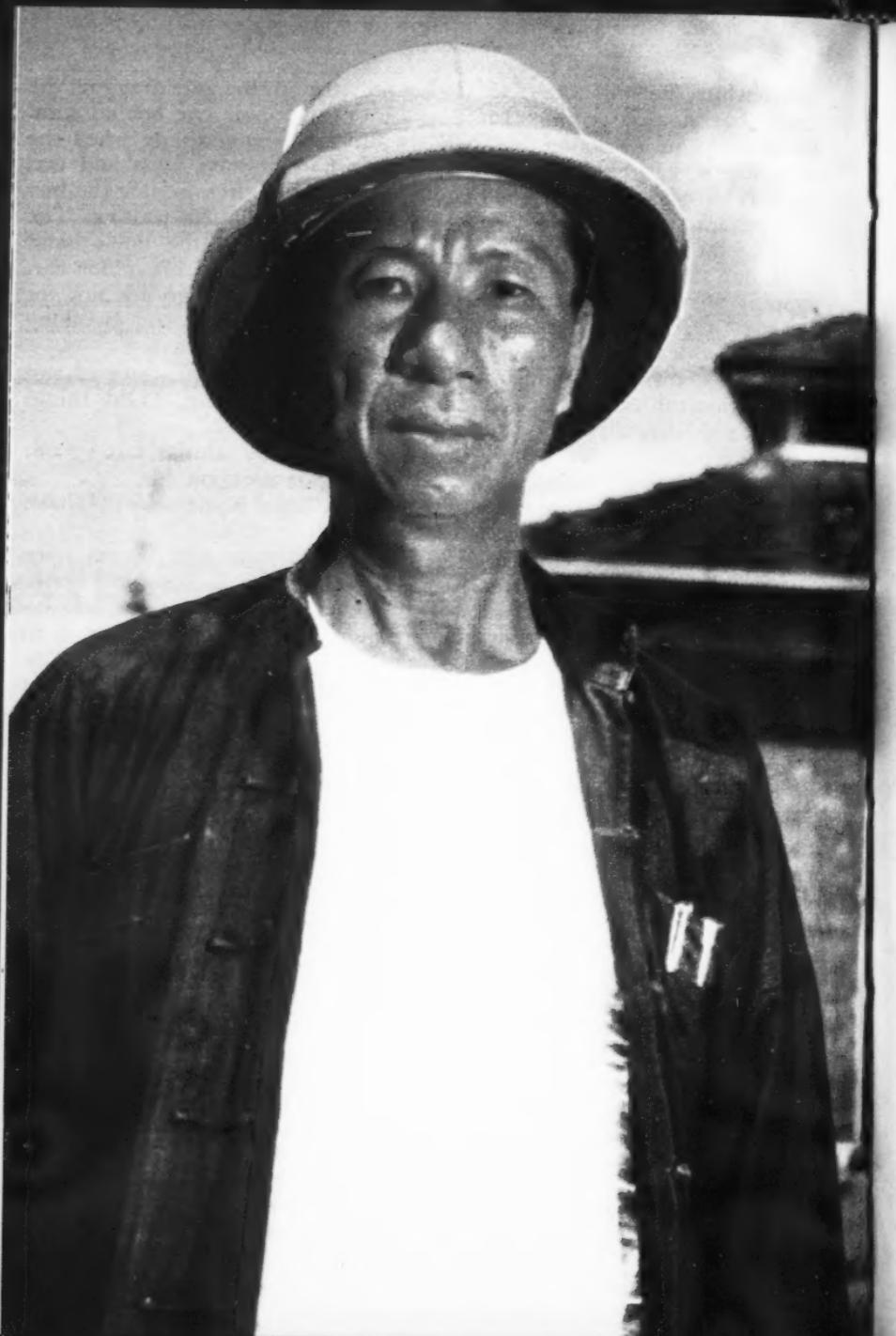
"It should be shown often," the priest said.

"The oftener, the better."

The priest touched his chin. "If I were to give the boy six oranges and he were to give you one, would that be a sign of gratitude in keeping with your age?"

"That would be lovely, truly!" the old man said, wetting his lips.

The priest picked six large oranges and put them into a paper bag. He gave the bag to the boy and said, "Grow fat, my friend, grow fat." ■■



Singapore Dock Walloper

Pictures and Background by Willie Chen

■ THOUGH many seaports of the world bear the title "melting pot," few live up to it so convincingly as Singapore. Sprawled on the southern tip of a British-controlled island that bears the same name, this metropolis of 950,000 people has been an East-West crossroads for five centuries.

From dawn until midnight, its rough-and-tumble waterfront jutting into the South China Sea is clogged with humanity: restless swarms of seamen, tourists, Chinese cabaret girls, British soldiers, Indian fortunetellers, ragged beggars, Javanese musicians, laughing shoe-shine boys, and muscular longshoremen called "dock wallopers."

Typical of the 28,000 Singapore dock wallopers is a Chinese named Tan Bah Chok. He is fifty-nine years old and stands six feet tall on strong, sinewy legs. His rounded shoulders are thickly calloused. His neck and arms are sun-bronzed.

Bah Chok is employed by two shipping firms: the Lam Soon Company and the Choo Joo Company. With about twenty other company-employed dock wallopers, he works an average of eight hours a day loading and unloading ships lying at anchor along the Singapore River waterfront.

The thick bales of copra, rice, and fruit that he hoists onto his back weigh close to two hundred pounds. For this "heavy freight," he is paid three Straits dollars an hour — the equivalent of one American dollar. Lighter work pays only half as much.

During a boom season, Bah Chok works ten hours a day, seven days a week. But like longshoremen the world over, when there is a slack season he goes weeks without a bale on his back. Thus his total annual income, based on an average weekly salary of \$30, comes to \$1,500.

Tan Bah Chok describes his work



For Bah Chok, an evening at the Tan clubhouse (above) means relaxation, tobacco, conversation, and mahjong.

The Singapore River (left), life-blood for the city's commerce — and for longshoremen like Tan Bah Chok

Eating lunch with his youngest son (right), Bah Chok says, "Work never kills — it's good for the digestion."





as "real happiness." He has been on the docks for thirty-six years, since he came to Singapore from a sleepy farm village in South China to work for his uncle, who was a labor supervisor on the waterfront. "I fell hopelessly in love with the noise and hustle of the waterfront," Bah Chok says, smiling. "The docks have been good to me. I am physically strong, and the family rice bowls are filled to the brim."

He and his wife, Seng Hook Kew, have been married twenty-three years. They have a daughter, Swee Hwang, 22; and two boys, Chiok Ting, 19, and Ting Peow, 14.

The Tan family rents a 20'x30' single room on the second floor of a drygoods shop at 84-B Circular Road. Several other rooms are above the shop, housing eighty people from five different families. Bah Chok's home is furnished with iron beds, three stools, two chairs, a table, a cupboard. There is modern plumbing, but no electricity.

Out of Bah Chok's annual income of \$1,500, half is spent on food; \$140 on clothing; \$78 on rent; \$100 for insurance; \$145 for education; \$190 on entertainment; \$25 on union dues. About \$55 is saved for old-age security. He receives no Government allotments, but some benefits accrue from the Old Men's Benevolent Association, of which he is a member. When necessary, he borrows money from relatives.

Bah Chok is up every morning at six o'clock, and after a hurried breakfast of porridge, reports to the dock foreman. At one o'clock he is at home for a lunch of salted fish, followed by a bath. The rest of the

afternoon, until five o'clock, is spent on the waterfront. Then home again for the main meal of fish soup, bean cakes, and rice.

During his leisure hours, Bah Chok can often be found at the clubhouse of the Tan Clan Association, where he is a life member. Like most Chinese, he is gregarious, and enjoys long hours with fellow tong members, talking philosophy and politics, or playing mahjong — a four-handed game involving tile or ivory markers, with a scoring system not unlike American rummy. He likes to gamble, but has little money for it. He drinks moderately. Once a month he attends a meeting of his "local," which is affiliated with the Hong Kong-Swatow Imports Labor Union.

In politics, Bah Chok describes himself as strongly pro-Western. He has doggedly resisted the influence of Communists. "In my language," says Bah Chok, "America is called '*mei kuo*' — 'the beautiful country.' But it is so much more than that. It is the greatest nation in either hemisphere."

Although Bah Chok is a Buddhist by birth, he leaves the practice of religion to his wife. Yet he admits that, in times of great stress, he prays to his favorite Buddhist deity, Kuan Yin — the goddess of mercy.

The hard-working dock walloper with the thoughtful smile sums up his personal philosophy when he says: "Life is what you make it. It can be good, it can be bad, depending only on you and you alone. There is no such thing as fate."

Millions of upright men in Asia are like Tan Bah Chok. ■■■







Bah Chok encourages his oldest son, Chiok Ting, in his studies. "This is a world for the educated," he says. "He who knows books will succeed in life."

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BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

Strangers of the Monsoon

East Africa has had its share in the wanderlust of mankind.

■ STRANGERS from Asia came to East Africa. To understand how Asians got to East Africa, one must first understand something about the yearly monsoons or trade winds.

Each year we see the sun move north from its southern tropic. It passes the equator on March 21, and continues north until June 21. It soon starts back south, reaches the equator on September 21, and by December 21 is back at its extreme southern limit. Cold air moves toward warm areas, and the sun is warming new areas as it goes on its way. The great air masses that follow the sun are the monsoons. The spinning of the earth makes the monsoon winds bend toward the east

as they near the equator. The winds follow the same course every year, just as the sun does. They blow from the south toward the equator; as the season changes, they blow from the north toward the equator.

If in February you drop a coconut into the Indian Ocean off Madagascar, it may float north in the trades, past East Africa, past Arabia and Persia, around India and across the Bay of Bengal, through the Malay Straits, turn north—and end up as a tree on the coast of China. Or if an Indian in Gujarat should cork a bottle and throw it into the December sea (which he never never would do with a good bottle!) it might float right down

to Zanzibar or Mombasa or Dar Es Salaam on the East African coast.

Instead of wasting coconuts and bottles by throwing them in the sea without knowing where they might wash ashore,

Asians have for a long time gone themselves. Just how long ago people found out that they could use the trade winds, no one may ever know, but it's surely no less

than 3,000 years ago. Ships arrive here in January from Arabia and the Persian Gulf. They are loaded with dates, brass wire, dried shark meat, carpets. They sail back between late March and June, laden with gold, ivory, slaves, leopard skins, incense, strange animals from the African bush. The boats, the caravans, the seamanship, have hardly changed. Though there are rather fewer slaves now than there were.

There are indications in the witchcraft now used on the East African coast that long ago our people had contact with Sumerians. Sumerians, who lived 7,000 years ago in what is now Iraq, might well have extended their voyages beyond the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, to the East African coast. Sumerians were the first people known to make long sea voyages, and they did know the use of sails. They used the horn of an animal as a symbol of kingly power and authority. Many East Africans use horns in the same way.

For a long long time, Indians

have been following the trade winds to East Africa, not just to trade, but to settle down and live there. Some of them went inland as far as the Great Lakes of Central Africa.

If the Land of Punt is indeed the old Egyptian designation for the Somali coasts, then Egyptians, too, came to East Africa. Great, square-sailed galleys they had at first, imitating

those of the Sumerians. Later they learned to use the triangular lateen sails, which are widely used in these seas. They came for incense, gold, ivory and fancy skins. If those products don't sound like Africa, then you can form your own opinion as to where Punt was. All that happened five thousand years ago.

The Phoenicians, those amazing sailors who had great seaports at Tyre and at Sidon, traded in East Africa. And when King Solomon was amassing his treasures in Jerusalem, the Phoenicians helped him. As the Bible tells: "And there was peace between Hiram and Solomon and these two made an agreement." They sent their ships to Ophir, which is now called Sofala, and they got gold and silver and ivory, and monkeys and peacocks (probably parrots). That was about 1,000 B.C.

To this day, the people of Madagascar and of the nearby Comoro Islands have certain Jewish customs. They know the old Jewish names such as Abraham, Lot, Moses, Gid-



A stringless shoe can cripple you. A "stringless gift" makes Maryknoll go.

eon, but no names from after the days of Solomon. All this points to the early coming of the Jews to those parts, perhaps in Solomon's time.

For no less than 3,000 years, Arabs have been visiting the East African coast, and their influence has been greater and more lasting than that of any or all of the other strangers of olden times. The peculiarly strategic location of Arabia, placed like a great wedge driven between Asia and Africa and Arabia's easy access to Mediterranean Europe, made the Arabs turn naturally to international trade. To their west is the Red Sea, which they count as their own lake; to their east is the Persian Gulf, with access to Mesopotamia and the southern caravan routes from the Orient; to their northeast, the Indian Ocean offers easy access to India.

Nothing was more natural than that Arabians should ride the trade winds south to the shores of East Africa, to gather its riches, and live at the fine coastal stations that they built, or on the pleasant coral islands off the coast. Desire for trade, unhealthy political situations at home, religious exile, zeal for Islam, all played a part in drawing fleets of Arabic dhows to East Africa. Some settlements were abandoned; others were absorbed by the native populations; others grew stronger and are today purely Arabic towns.

The waters off East Africa had been the preserve of Arabs, Persians, Phoenicians, and Indians, until shortly after Our Lord's time. These people alone knew the secrets of the winds, and they kept the

secrets jealously. Then in 45 A.D., a Roman sea captain made a journey on the Red Sea, out through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, into the Indian Ocean. By good luck he discovered the changes in the monsoon winds.

The secret was out. Soon it was known through various parts of the Empire, and Roman merchants began to appear in the Indian Ocean. A number of books were written in Greek and in Latin, descriptive of this part of the world. One dealt in detail with navigation of the Indian Ocean.

Like the Arabs, but in smaller numbers, the Persians came to East Africa. In the 500 years before the coming of the Europeans in 1497, the whole coast was known as the "land of Zenj"—Persian for "black." *Bar* means country or land. The whole area was Zenzibar or Zanzibar, Land of the Black People. Later Zanzibar came to designate only the island opposite Dar Es Salaam.

In those days the east coast of Africa was ruled by either Persian or Arabic sultans. The Persians were then most powerful, most learned. Relics of their civilization are found all along the coast, ruins of their houses and temples, which they built out of coral stone and lime. Their arched and domed structures still stand, with peculiarly graceful pointed arches, carefully proportioned and decorated. The Persians mixed with the native population, and today there are groups of coastal people who call themselves *Washirazi* after the section of Persia whence came their legendary forefathers.

Many old Chinese potsherds have been found among the ruins in East Africa. Centuries ago, merchant junks from China frequented the ports of East Africa. They came on the autumn monsoon, did business for six months, then returned to their Middle Kingdom loaded with gold, ivory, leopard skins, tortoise shells. They left behind them in Africa chinaware that is identified as having been made during the Sung (960-1179) and the Ming dynasties (1368-1644). Chinese coins which were in use 700 years ago have been found at various places along the coast.

Any number of Chinese writings tell of the commerce China held with East Africa, which they called Tsengpat or Taeng Po. One of the old records refers to a giraffe that was brought back to China. Evidently it was a seven-day wonder for the China of that day. The Chinese made their last voyage in 1430.

The language of Madagascar is Malay, and not African as we might expect. That is because long ago Malays arrived there and changed it. New contingents of Malays came from time to time; as recently as 400 years ago, there was a new wave of them, whose children now form a separate tribe on the island.

Other strangers came, whom we can't identify although they had their share of business and war then. In those days the coast of East Africa had a considerable amount of trade.

Last of all came Europeans. There had been no sight of them in the East since the long-past days when Greek and Roman merchant

fleets roamed those waters. America had already been discovered while Portuguese sea captains were still pushing their skill, their men, their little ships down the western coast of Africa, looking for the continent to leave off so that they could beat round it to India. After almost a century of trying, the Portuguese succeeded.

Vasco da Gama dropped anchor in Mozambique on March 2, 1498. He continued north along the coast to Mombasa, where he almost wrecked his ship, and finally put in at Malindi. He had been out of Lisbon almost a whole year. At Malindi he found a pilot, and he rode the trade winds to India, arriving there on May 28, 1498. He didn't get back home until September of the next year. But the route had been discovered; other Europeans would follow his course on it.

So East Africa, which seems to Americans to be a remote part of the world, is really the product of most varied influences, some native, some from the outside. Its peculiar location, its climate, its products, the very sun that shines hotly on it and brings the winds, all make East Africa what it is now.

East Africa is not just a strange and wild part of the world, where outlandish foreigners live out their wretched lives. It is a piece of God's earth, not too much different from California, or New York or Iowa or Texas. The earth is just as firm and as rich and fertile; the sky is as blue when it's not raining; there are grass and trees and hills; there is water in the rivers and lakes; there are people who live and die. ■■■

Scooter Missioner

BY JAMES W. O'NEILL, M.M.



■ SHOPKEEPERS in Higashi Muroran, the steel capital of Hokkaido, Japan, see Father James H. Gorman's tall frame hustling along on a short-order motor-scooter. He looks like an engineer with plans in his pocket. He has been laying the groundwork for twelve new missions in towns that have close to 10,000 people in each. He hopes that many priests will come from America.

Convert work in Japan is making slow but steady progress. Father Gorman is a part of that movement. He has adult groups under instruction six nights a week and twice on Sunday. He publishes, chapter by chapter, a correspondence course for radio and newspaper contacts with people too busy to come to the church. The mailing list began with thirty-five.

Father Gorman is a part-time professor at the Koodai Polytechnical University. There he has a considerable following among the professors, their wives, the student body. He has succeeded, through a mixed choir, in capturing the imagination of pagan high-school students. From three public schools, they assemble here every Wednes-

day afternoon to hear doctrine — something from the life of Our Lord — and to practice some harmony. Several times they have been featured on the monthly Catholic radio program, which Father helps to produce.

On Saturdays the mission is taken over by the grade and middle-school children. He worries about the seven hundred who will pass the high-school entrance exams this year but must be turned away for lack of classroom space. Several times he has discussed this matter with the mayor, and they look forward to the day when a Catholic high school will fill the vacuum.

A local radio station gave a banquet recently for its leading sponsors; Father Gorman was one of the prominent guests. He has won much free radio time and newspaper coverage for the Church.

Nowhere is the sound of his motor-scooter more welcome than at the city operated home for the aged. With the help of N.C.W.C. and American Catholics, Father Gorman has been supplying over forty Japanese aged with their daily rice during the last two years. ■ ■ ■



RECIPES AROUND THE WORLD

Vegetables You'll Like

■ MANY Americans think of vegetables only as supplements to fill out the main course of meat or fish. In other lands, however, particularly those where meat is a luxury, vegetables are basic foods. They can be prepared in any number of ways to make filling, nutritious meals.

Wash string beans; break them into small pieces. Boil briskly in salted water in uncovered pan until beans are tender. Rinse in cold water; put beans in frying pan with butter, pepper, and parsley. Cook for 10 minutes over brisk flame. Sprinkle with lemon juice before serving.
Serves 4 to 8.

STRING BEANS (Uruguay)

1½ pounds string beans
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon parsley, minced
2 tablespoons lemon juice

STUFFED CABBAGE LEAVES (Saudi Arabia)

1 cup rice
½ pound ground lamb
½ cup butter
1 teaspoon salt

**1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 small head cabbage
2 cups tomato juice**

Cook rice until tender. Drain and add meat, butter, and seasonings. Form mixture into small rolls. Cook individual cabbage leaves in small amount of water for about 5 minutes. Wrap cabbage leaves around meat rolls and put in heavy skillet. Add tomato juice. Cover and cook for half hour over medium flame. *Serves 6.*

CROATIAN MUSHROOMS (Yugoslavia)

**2 pounds large fresh mushrooms
3 tablespoons shortening
1/2 pound ground veal
2 teaspoons minced garlic
1/2 cup chopped onions
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 1/2 teaspoons salt**

Wash mushrooms. Remove stems; chop in small pieces. Melt shortening in skillet over medium flame; add veal, garlic, onion, and chopped mushroom stems. Sauté until browned lightly. Add parsley and salt; mix well. Stuff mushroom caps with meat mixture. Place in buttered baking pan and bake in 375° oven for 25 minutes. While mushrooms are baking, prepare sauce. *Will serve 6.*

MUSHROOM SAUCE (Yugoslavia)

**1/2 cup chopped onions
2 teaspoons minced garlic
1/2 cup shortening**

**1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup sour cream
1/2 cup white wine**

Sauté onions and garlic in melted shortening until golden. Add flour and stir until blended. Add parsley, salt, pepper, mustard, lemon juice, sour cream, and white wine; mix well. Bring to a boil. Serve hot over stuffed mushrooms. *Serves 6.*

VEGETABLE STEW (Ecuador)

**2 tablespoons oil
2 chopped onions
2 cloves garlic, chopped
1/2 cup tomato sauce
1/2 cup water
1 cup corn kernels
1 cup green peas
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
4 potatoes, peeled and quartered
2 cups pumpkin purée (canned)
3/4 cup American cheese, grated
1 cup milk**

Sauté onions and garlic in saucepan with the oil. Stirring frequently, add tomato sauce, water, corn, peas, salt, pepper. (Frozen or canned corn and peas may be used.) Cover; cook over low flame for 10 minutes. Add potatoes and pumpkin, and again cover; cook for 20 minutes. Add cheese and milk. Mix well, and cook for another 5 minutes. Serve with noodles or rice. *Serves 6.*

Letters of the month

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

All Are One

My husband and I visit out-of-State Negro patients during their stay in the hospital here. They come to us from the Deep South. The majority have only the scantiest education, and many are illiterate. But all labor under the delusion that the Catholic Church is a "white man's Church." Our biggest problem was a choice of Catholic literature for distribution among them. From our standpoint, MARYKNOLL proves (without being preachy) the universality of the Catholic Church; yea, even amongst the colored race. Your magazine might have been designed for our needs, so perfectly does it fit them.

MRS. JOHN S. KETCHUM
Springfield, Mo.

Togetherness

This morning was the fourth morning I woke up with a headache. On my way to work I asked God to heal me. It's gone, and I feel so wonderful. And the most wonderful thing is to have God to pray to and share our troubles. This way we are never alone.

MILDRED B. OLKOWSKI
New York City

Question

I wonder whether, out of our love for our children, we do too much for them, give them too much, make it too easy for them; and above all overemphasize the

material and underemphasize the spiritual — and thereby really deprive them of that self-discipline, that duty to help others, that ability and willingness to assume and discharge responsibility, and that recognition that with God anything is possible, without Him nothing is worthwhile, so essential to a happy, well-rounded life.

FRED G. STICKEL, JR.
Newark, N. J.

Young America

I'm fourteen years old, and I was going to use this \$10 to open a savings account. With this money, I planned to buy a car when I reach sixteen. However, after seeing your "want ads," I saw that there are people who need necessary things, more than I need a car. So I'm sending you the \$10 for two tuberculosis patients.

NAME WITHHELD
Springfield, Mass.

Exchange

Here are six dollars sent in the name of my dear friend, Patricia Thomas, whose birthday is this month. A couple of years ago, Pat and I decided to stop exchanging Christmas and birthday gifts and start giving our gift funds to charity. Because God has more than blessed us with the necessities of this world, plus a good many luxuries, we long felt an obligation to help those less fortunate than ourselves.

MARJORIE BALL
Parma, Ohio

New Outlook

So many people in America take freedom, good fortune, and prosperity for granted, then grumble when little troubles come along. I guess we're all inclined to be that way, considering we live in a very wonderful country. I'm afraid I was that way until I started receiving your magazine and saw how other people in the world live, and how they suffer and want for the simplest things we take for granted. I have never read your magazine yet without having sorrow for our less-fortunate brothers and sisters all over the world, and without asking God's forgiveness for my complaining.

MRS. JOHN T. GALLAGHER
Rego Park, N. Y.

Reaction

Every time I receive your MARYKNOLL I am sad to see the little children of God suffering so. I thank God that my child is not one of these children of Korea and other unfortunate places. I know I shouldn't say this, but it makes me sick to see and hear people who say, "You can't afford to give to them — you've got to think of yourself and your family." I cannot write my feeling about this matter. If people can't have charity towards the poor, how do they expect Our Lord to be kind towards the fortunate ones who can give but won't?

CAROL MAXWELL
Pawtucket, R. I.

Sacrifice

We are sending this gift instead of eating out. Creamed tuna instead of halibut! Oh, well! My mother had the most sacrifice. She had to fix the creamed tuna. I just had to eat it!

THERESA McCLEAN
Sacramento, Calif.

Having Fun

Buy four catechisms for the children of Musoma. I earned the money by working. I weeded a rose garden, ironed for, and folded clothing for, my mother. It is fun to work I think. I am sorry I cannot buy anything else but they cost so much.

LUANA KAY ANDERSON
Nashville, Tenn.

Correct "Kibbee"

Thank you for the foreign recipes. I'm of Lebanese descent and have made "kibbee" by the "hit or miss" method since I've been married. Until you printed your recipe a few months ago, I never knew how much of each ingredient to use, and I could never pin any of the old-timers from Lebanon down. Now I know exactly how much to use, and my family says I've never made better "kibbee." Thanks again.

MRS. ISABELLE HABEEB
Braintree, Mass.

Contestant

One of my seventh grade girls, a Potowatomi Indian, received eighth place (78 other contestants) in the Knights of Columbus essay contest on "Why We Should Pray for Religious Vocations." Her research material consisted of all the back numbers of the student copies of the Maryknoll magazine she could find.

SISTER M. THEOPHANE, S.B.S.
Marty, S. Dak.

Tribute

I'm associate story editor for Columbia Pictures and have a certain conceit that I possess a modicum of taste in matters literary — and I find your magazine to be absolutely top-notch. For whatever they are worth — my heartiest congratulations.

J. P. FLEISCHMANN
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Light in the Darkness

BY JAMES K. NISHIMUTA, M.M.

■ MITSUO Yamaji, father of five young children, was working on the roof of a house, when he slipped and fell to the ground. He struck his head, receiving a serious brain injury. For several days he was bordering between life and death; then he took a turn for the better and gradually began to recuperate.

However, as a result of the brain injury, Yamaji's hearing was completely lost, and his eyesight was about 95% impaired. Needless to say, his chance of getting work was completely out of the question. For a while the company's insurance kept him and the family going. But soon doctor bills, and the expenses of raising five children, completely depleted the family income. The older children were forced to quit school and go to work.

When things looked their darkest, a pair of Legion of Mary members visited the Yamaji home. The despairing father listened, but to no avail. He could barely make out the physical outlines of the two Legion members before him. He asked his wife who they were and what these



people wanted. The wife wrote on the palm of his hand with her finger: "Catholic Church," "Eternal soul," "God is our Father and watches over us." As the visitors spoke, she relayed these first inklings of Christianity to her mate. These simple ideas about God and man's eternal soul, made a brand new and deep impression on Yamaji. For one full year Legion of Mary members went faithfully every week to trace out the word of God on Yamaji's hand. Finally the whole catechism was completed. For some doctrines difficult to explain, the instructors wrote out simple explanations in king-size characters with black ink. Yamaji, by holding the paper almost to his face, could read them. With the help of his son, the old man succeeded in memorizing the necessary prayers.

Yamaji and his son received baptism together. At his First Communion, tears of joy filled his eyes. The injured man's world of darkness, silence and despair is now flooded with light and filled with an eternal hope. ■■■

COVER STORY:

Buddha's Tooth Festival in Ceylon



CEYLON is a pear-shaped island that tapers to a point in the north. Its core is a mountain range in the south-central region. The famed "Footprint of Buddha" on one peak shows where the religious leader is said to have "stepped into heaven."

Long ago, the pear had a stem—a 40-mile sand bar that linked it with India. Legend has it that Adam, after being expelled from the Garden of Eden, crossed this natural bridge, climbed a lofty peak, and stood on one leg to atone for his sins.

Buddhism was introduced in Ceylon in the third century B.C. Today, 61 per cent of the island's nearly 9 million people are Buddhists. Their most sacred shrine, the Temple of the Tooth, is located in the ancient capital of Kandy.

Within the temple, vividly colored frescoes portray the life of Buddha. According to legend, his tooth was brought to Ceylon about sixteen centuries ago. It is a piece of discolored ivory, two inches long and

not quite one inch wide. In the shrine it rests on a golden lotus flower, hidden under seven bell-shaped, jeweled, metal caskets.

Every summer thousands of Buddhists throng to Kandy for the Tooth Festival. Highlight of the celebration is the parade of elephants. A path is cleared for them by men who crack whips to scare away demons.

One aged elephant, the subject of this month's cover by Leonard Weisgard, is the center of attention. This majestic animal is bedecked in brightly colored, jeweled trappings. His tusks are encased in golden sheaths. On his back, under a glittering canopy, he carries the casket of Buddha's Sacred Tooth.

For the world's more than 150 million Buddhists, the festival pays public homage to the founder of their religion. For Catholics, it should be a reminder that today, nearly 2,000 years after the birth of Christ, two out of three people in the world are non-Christians. ■■

MARYKNOLL MISSION

Want Ads

Merrily We Roll Along — when we have bicycles. Otherwise we plod; and then we don't go so far or so fast, or get so much done. Who will buy our missionaries six bicycles, at \$50 each, for use on the long roads of Peru?

A Maryknoll Brother mechanic in the Bolivian jungle requests \$87.50 to purchase wrenches, assorted nuts and bolts, a vise, other items to keep all mission machinery in repair.



St. Joseph was a carpenter; so was Our Lord. Our missions in Chile require 100 saws, at \$2 each, to set up young boys in the carpenter trade to earn a living and support their families.

Darkroom and Photographic equipment can be used by a missioner in Formosa to prepare pictures to instruct his convert classes. Have you any such equipment you can spare?

Altar Cloths. The cost is \$30 a set; four sets are needed for various missions. As the donor of one, you can be sure that your gift will remain upon the altar for Mass and Benediction.

Burdensome Secrets told in the confessional, are easier to bear. Two confessionals, to cost \$100 each, are needed for a church in Formosa.

Reverence prevents a priest from approaching the altar in ragged vestments; yet these wear out with use, as other garments do. A set, to cost \$25, must be purchased for use in the Philippines.

Dignity and Beauty are important if a baptismal font is to be worthy of its solemn part in the great sacrament. Several missioners ask Maryknoll to help them secure \$80 for a font for their mission churches.

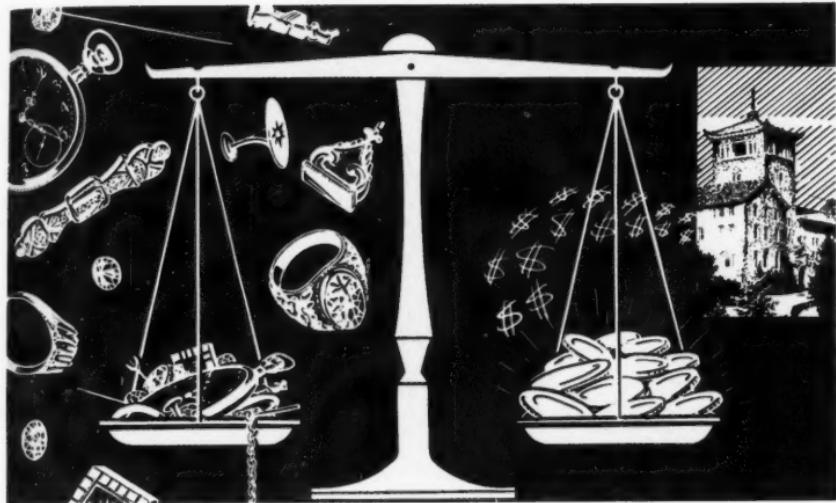
"**A Cloud Has Fallen** over our mission," reports a delayed letter from Korea. "We had a nice Christmas Crib. The other day some boy stole the Christ Child. No word about it yet but I would not give much for the thief who is caught with the statue." A new statue of the Christ Child will cost \$10.



A Portable Church — that is what a Mass kit really is; for it makes any table an altar, and an altar makes any room a church. A Mass kit costs \$150. One is needed in Taichung, Formosa.

Stations of the Cross, needed for a church in Central America, will cost \$100. Can some friend of the missions spare this sum?





Old Jewelry Can Help the Missions!

Your old gold, jewelry or precious stones can be converted into mission money — to feed the starving, heal the sick and shelter the unfortunate! Almost every family has outmoded but still valuable lockets, pins, watches, chains, cuff links — not worn because it is out of style, not thrown away because of its intrinsic worth. It does you no good — probably never will — but it may mean the difference between life and death to people in mission lands!

We have often asked Maryknoll Members and friends to make real sacrifices — to do without some luxury for the sake of another's necessity. Now we ask only for this *buried treasure* — old gold teeth, the broken bracelet, the watch which will not run, the clasp that is not worth repairing!

No costume jewelry, please — it has no value. We cannot accept your old gold to be made into a chalice; but we can and do promise that it will be used to save souls, to heal bodies, to spread the Kingdom of God in lands beyond the seas!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Separately, I am sending you the following items of old jewelry, old gold teeth, gold or precious stones, to be converted into money for the missions.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Missioners Came First!

MAINE



Missioners in America

From an Indian mission, Maine has become a bustling state of one million, a quarter of whom are Catholics. The state has one ecclesiastical region, the Diocese of Portland.



1. In 1604, Father Aubry, the De Mont expedition chaplain, said the first Mass in Maine.



2. Four Jesuits tried to make a permanent settlement in 1613 on an island in Kennebec River.



3. New England's first Catholic church (St. John's) was opened for services in Oldtown in 1648.



4. Anti-Catholic Puritans waged war on the settlements; in 1724, killed the Jesuit, Father Rale.



5. The first American bishop of Negro blood, James Healy, was named in 1875 as Maine's bishop.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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